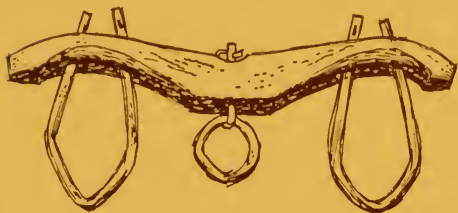


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PUPPET  
PLAYS

EDGAR CAPER

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2

# Lincoln and the Pig

1 Scene, 3 Characters, Plays 10 Minutes

Suited to Marionettes or Shadows

As played by The Marionette Fellowship of Detroit

1931

*Printed in Detroit*

Woodcut by PABLO PARLANDO



*ABE LINCOLN*

LINCOLN AND THE PIG\*  
 A LEGEND FOR MARIONETTES  
 by EDGAR CAPER

*Characters:*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, NED, *his horse*, A PIG

*Properties:* A mud-hole. The front of a log cabin.

*Scene:* A road separated from the Illinois prairie by a rail fence.

NED *is ambling along the road slowly*. LINCOLN, *in frock coat and top hat, is riding with his head bent in thought*. The rail fence moves across the stage while NED really steps in place without progressing. *Music: "Yankee Doodle."*

LINCOLN *drops the reins and NED comes to a stop, looking for jimson weeds to nibble by the fence.*

ABE LINCOLN. Oh dear! Oh dear me! . . . Dear me! Oh dear . . .

NED (*looking up*). What's the trouble, Abe?

ABE. What a sad world, Ned!

NED. The sun is shining, ain't it? And we've had dinner.

ABE. The injustice of things!

NED. You can't do nothing about it, so don't let it worry you none.

\* NOTE. This play may not be produced by any amateur or professional without written permission from the author, who may be addressed in care of Puppet Plays, 155 Wimbleton Drive, Birmingham, Michigan. From Puppet Plays may be rented a Producer's Manuscript, giving complete directions for constructing and staging this piece.

4 ABE. But I can!

NED. How?

ABE. In the field we just passed, four-score and seven paces back, I saw a poor old pig stuck in the mud.

NED. It wanted to be stuck there, I guess.

ABE. Oh no! The mud was holding it tight. Maybe it was quicksand, not mud. Maybe the critter is being sucked to a miserable death.

NED. Did you say you could do something about it?

ABE. The Constitution of these United States makes the point that we're created free and equal.

NED. I bet you know that Constitution backwards, Abe.

ABE. That means men, of course.

NED. Not pigs nor horses.

ABE. No . . .

NED. Honest Abe!

ABE. But why shouldn't all things continue free and equal? Leastways, when possible?

NED. You think up funny questions to ask yourself.

ABE. Now it's almost unconstitutional in spirit, the way that there grunter is deprived of his rights to run around free. I *could* do something to help him. I *can* pull him out of the mud. I got on my best clothes, but I can, anyways.

NED. You're welcome to do it, Abe. But don't count on me.

ABE. It won't be much trouble. Just think how the poor critter 5  
must be suffering. What's a little mud on my boots and pants?

NED. Work for Mrs Lincoln.

ABE. I'll catch a tongue-thrashing, I warrant . . . Oh well, I guess  
I'll risk it. I'd feel unhappy all day if I didn't.

NED. Are we going back?

ABE. Yep. Giddap! (*They turn around. The fence moves in the opposite direction.*)

NED. Mind you, I won't go over into no mud.

ABE. If you clumb the fence, you'd surprise me, Ned.

NED (*aside, quickening his pace*). Could if I wanted to!

ABE. Ah, I'm feeling better already. What a fine day! Listen to the  
bees a-buzzing in the clover.

NED. Not so good when you bite one.

ABE (*musings*). Mercy . . . "It falleth as a gentle rain from heaven.  
It is thrice blessed." That's Shakespeare.

NED. I reckon Shakespeare always had an umbrella. (*A forlorn  
grunting is heard.*)

ABE. We're coming to him! See the pitiable thing over there, half  
drowned in the muck! I'm coming! Take heart! I'm coming. (*More  
sorry grunting. The PIG is seen wallowing behind the fence. LINCOLN dis-  
mounts and climbs over to it. Some ochre chalk-dust, which will look like  
mud on LINCOLN'S dark clothes, is also behind the fence.*)

6 ABE (*bending over sympathetically*). Poor piggie! Where does it hurt?

PIG. Eeyee!

ABE. Abe will fix it. (*Tries to pull the animal, but slips and falls on top of it.*)

PIG. Eek eek eek!

ABE. Oh, did clumsy Abe hurt you? (*Gets up.*)

NED. Now look at your suit!

ABE. I guess I'll free it gradual-like. Sudden release wouldn't be the best thing. He's got to get used to his liberty by degrees. (*Pulls slowly.*) Ugh!

PIG. Oink!

NED. Steady, now!

ABE. U--gh!

PIG. Oi--nk!

NED. He's coming. One--two--three---

ABE. U-----gh!

PIG. Oi-----nk! (*Comes free. LINCOLN slips back into the mud-hole. The PIG scampers all over him joyously.*) Eee yee! Eee yee! Eee yee yee, yee yee!

ABE. Wait a minute! Not so frisky! (*Climbs out of the mud with difficulty.*) There, that's better, ain't it? How do you feel now, old fellow?

PIG. Oh, Massa Lincoln! Oh, Massa Lincoln, Massa Lincoln!



*(Transports of delirious joy seize it.)*

ABE. There, there! Now I'll lift you over the fence on to the road, where it's high and dry and there ain't no nasty mud. *(With repeated efforts he manages to lift the PIG up and rest it on the top rail of the fence.)* They shouldn't never have put you behind that fence to start with. Then it would have been better for you and better for me, and we'd never have got into that muddy mess. *(He gets the PIG over into the road. NED shies away scornfully.)* Now go your way. *(PIG runs off.)*

NED. In the *pursuit* of happiness. That Constitution plays safe.

*(LINCOLN remounts and turns in the direction he was first going, which is the direction the PIG has taken.)*

NED *(ambling along)*. I can just see the expression on Mrs Lincoln's face when she first spies you!

ABE. I'll tidy up at the next pump we come to. Why, the pig's way up the road around the bend already. I don't even see it.

NED. Your boots are getting my sides all muddy.

ABE. They'll give us water for a wash at that cabin by the bend. I swear I never observed a pig get away that fast. Some goer!

NED. It was just an or'nary razorback that warn't worth your fussing over, Abe.

ABE. But I'm happy now. The sun shines brighter, and the air of the heavens is sweet.

*(The PIG is heard squealing frantically.)*

- 8 NED. Now something's happening to your friend, all right!
- ABE. I knew it! He shouldn't have been freed too sudden. Giddap!  
(*More wild squeals, rising to hideous intensity. NED gallops and the fence races along. Suddenly they are confronted by a log cabin which appears at the bend in the road. On this is hung a roughly-lettered sign, "UNCLE TOM'S BARBEQUE." The squeals are issuing from the open door.*)
- NED. I calculate he wandered in there.
- ABE. No, no! It can't be!  
(*The squeals are cut short; there is a gasp and death-rattle.*)
- NED. And now he's sausages!
- ABE (*hangs his head*). The injustice of things!
- NED (*nibbling at the jimson weeds*). "Veni, vidi, vici."
- ABE. What a sad world, Ned!
- NED. "Theirs but to do and die." That's Milton.
- ABE. Oh dear! Oh dear me!  
(*The stirring strains of "Dixie" are heard.*)

*Curtain.*

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**1 ● THE WOLF AT THE DOOR**, by Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg, author of the *Gooseberry Mandarin*. Linocut illus. by Paul McPharlin. How a poet worsts a wolf and pens an ode to the moon. 2 characters; 10 minutes; for puppets, marionettes or shadows. ● **25c**

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